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A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Some few years ago I was a resident in Hong Kong, and there became acquainted with the following circumstances. The story itself was related one Winter's evening—for even in China there is a Winter—around a glowing fire that put one in mind of home. The conversation during dinner had turned upon dreams, and some very curious theories were advanced in support of the interpretation of them.—Our number consisted of eight persons; and after a protracted discussion, in which the number for and against there being any truth in dreams stood about equal, Capt. Topham proposed to settle the question by telling us a story of what actually happened to himself a few years previously. The cloth was removed, and at the invitation of our host we each drew our chairs round the fire, lit our cigar or pipe; and after mixing for himself a glass of punch, the Captain related the following tale as nearly as I can remember:

It is now, gentlemen, some ten years since I was first mate of the opium schooner Wild Dayrell. We were lying in Hong Kong harbor at the time, preparatory to sailing the next morning for Formosa. Then—and, for the matter of that, now—there was a great deal of smuggling done in that beautiful island of the Chinese. Our cargo consisted of $30,000 in specie, 150 chests of Patna, and 200 chests of Malwah opium, besides a few sundries, which could be bought cheap enough in Hong Kong or Shanghae, but upon which we turned a good round sum. Capt. Wilkes—whom I think you all know, gentlemen—commanded her, and had made many a voyage and run many a risk for his owners to the same place. At about 4 in the afternoon the Captain left me to go on shore, but just as he was stepping into the boat he cried out:

"Topham! Upon second thoughts, I shan't stay on shore to-night, as I intended. I am going to old Douglas's to dine; and as, in all probability, it will be a noisy party, I shall slip away early; so you can look for me about 11."

"Very well, Sir," I answered; and then turned to see that everything was all right for the morning.

At 6 o'clock I and the second officer had tea; and after tea, he and I had quite a confidential chat about our voyage, the value of our cargo, and the immense risk that was run in not shipping Englishmen, in place of the mongrel crew we then had. Our crew consisted, by the way, of fourteen persons, including the captain. The captain, myself, second-officer, and two sailors were Englishmen; a Lascar, two Manilla men, two Malays, and two Chinamen, as seamen; a Chinese cook and Chinese steward—in all, fourteen souls. At about eight o'clock the second-officer had retired for the night, and had left me alone on the poop. I well remember how my thoughts then ran. I revolved in my mind the conversation that I had with Mr. Spencer, the second-officer, respecting the immense value of our cargo, and the risk that we ran, both from our own crew, should they turn traitors and also from the hordes of pirates that continually infest the China seas, notwithstanding our gun-boats, and the havoc that they make of them whenever they come within range.

Well, gentlemen upon that evening my thoughts were especially turned upon home, and to a dear mother from whom I had received a letter by the last mail, and who was then in a very delicate state of health. I had answered her letter only that morning.

I must have been on the poop about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Spencer had left me, and was thinking of returning to the cabin to look over some papers connected with the ship, when I observed a sampan, or Chinese boat, hovering round the stern. I called out to the men in the boat, and inquired what they wanted there; but their only answer, when they found they were observed, was to pull away from the ship in the direction of the middle of the harbor. Their movements I did not at all like, and leaning on the taffrail, watched them until they were lost in the darkness. I suppose I must have remained in this position—that is, with my arms on the taffrail about ten minutes, when, without warning, I felt myself lifted off my legs, and some one behind me endeavoring to throw me overboard. I am by no means a light weight, gentlemen, as you can see, weighing, I should say, then sixteen stone; but the person evidently depended upon the suddenness of the attack to accomplish his purpose. I struggled violently, holding on by my hands to the rail, and letting fly right and left with my feet; and in the end I was successful. The Chinaman tripped and lay upon the deck in my power. Without a thought, without a moment's hesitation, I laid hold of him by the trousers with one hand, and took a couple of turns of his pigtail by the other, and threw him overboard. After *I* had accomplished this I made for the cuddy. Arrived there, I at once went to Mr. Spencer's cabin; but upon trying the door found it locked! I gave one or two good kicks, at the same time calling out to him to open the door. He sprang from his berth, and called out in reply that it was locked from the outside. I told him to stand clear, and with a good one, two, three, from the shoulder, I burst the door in.—There is no doubt I must have looked very pale and very excited, as his first question to me was:

"Why, Mr. Topham, what in the name of goodness is the matter? You look as pale as death."

I told him all that had happened, and likewise my suspicious that we had not seen the end of the affair, and that our best plan would be at once to arm ourselves. I told him to dress himself, while I went on deck to rouse our two English sailors, whom we could depend upon, and bring them aft to the cabin. I had planted one foot in the saloon, the other being still in Mr. Spencer's cabin, and had my eyes directed to the stairs of the companion, when, in the shade, I thought I described a Chinaman. Thinking that it might be the steward, I called out to him by name 'A Tong,' but no reply came, when I felt pretty certain that it was not the steward, in which belief I was not left in doubt. I had turned my head into Mr. Spencer's cabin, to tell him of my suspicions, when I thought I heard steps stealthily approaching me. I gave a rapid glance; and there, not four feet from where *I* stood, were some five or six as villainous-looking Chinamen as *I* had ever beheld, armed, some with bamboose about ten feet long, and others with swords. *In* an instant, *I* had sprang into the cabin, and closed and bolted the door. With a yell, the whole of the gang made one simultaneous rush toward the door; but they had missed their mark by a second. *I* had planted my back against the door, and thanks to my weight and the bolts, it resisted their combined efforts to force it. Other measures, however, *I* knew must be at once resorted to, and that instantly. Calling upon Mr. Spencer to move his chest of drawers against the door, and placing two trunks on the top of them, we patiently waited the coming events. Spencer very fortunately had a couple of Colt's revolvers in his chest of drawers, with which we armed ourselves. The gang outside were evidently in deep consultation as to their next mode of attack.—One voice *I* heard raised above all the others, and that one voice was without a doubt. A Tong, our much respected steward! From the little Chinese *I* was acquainted with, *I* gathered that they were bent upon the treasure, which had come on board from the Oriental Bank only that afternoon. *It* had been stowed away in the captain's cabin, and was safely lodged in one of Milner's fire and thief proof safes.

They proceeded to the captain's cabin; but in a very short time returned, and knocking at the door with their bamboos, demanded it to be opened. At first they used threats, then entreaties, promising us that not a hair of our heads should be hurt. But, though we feared their threats, we put no faith in their promises, and fully determined that, if the worst came to the worst, we would sell our lives dearly. Oh, how we longed for 11 o'clock, for Capt. Wilkes's return! How patiently and eagerly we listened for the splash of the oars of the six stalwart boatmen! We heard four bells from the different ships in the harbor, some not a couple of hundred yards away; but it was impossible to reach or signal them. Instead of a large port-hole, there was only the small dead-light, through which we could not even manage to thrust our heads, much less our bodies. Well, Sirs, when they found that neither threats or promises would avail them, they at once commenced their work.—I was standing on a camp-stool, endeavoring to see what they were doing, by looking through the iron grating on the top of the door, when I saw one of them with a spear, at what, in military phraseology, would be termed 'shorten arms'—that is, with the spear drawn back to its fullest extent, ready to thrust through the door. I gave one spring from the stool, and lucky indeed I did so; for the next moment the point of a spear grazed my cheek. Another inch to the left, and I would have been a dead man. We both then retired to the further end of the cabin, so as to keep out of harm's way. We knew that they dared not use firearms for fear of attracting the attention of the ships in the neighborhood; and no doubt this was our salvation. Spear after spear was thrust through, some almost reaching us as we crouched down on the floor of the cabin, when all at once we heard a crash, and on looking up, to our horror saw that one of the panels of the door had been forced in sufficiently for a man to thrust his body through. We both immediately sprang to our feet, grasping our revolvers more firmly, expecting that, in desperation, some of them would be hardy enough to try and force their way into the cabin. But they were far too cunning for that. Two of them now got upon chairs, but taking care to keep out of the line of fire of our revolvers, and by side-thrusts—by which they showed that they were adepts in the use of the weapon—compelled us to kneel and crouch behind the chest of drawers one moment, into the berths the next, and at [illegible] under the bottom of them, where we were for some time comparatively safe. But, emboldened by their success, they now faced the broken panelling; and we could plainly see that, in another minute or two, the matter would end by our both being speared like wild boars. *I* whispered to Spencer to fire at the first head that showed itself at the panelling, and *I* would do the same—he to take the right, and *I* the left, so that we should not waste ammunition through both of us firing at the same person. *I* remember as if it happened only five minutes ago, two heads suddenly appearing, and myself and Spencer in the act of presenting our revolvers at them, when, as a flash of lightning, two spears were suddenly thrust through the aperture, and the next instant *I* felt a twinge in the right side.

Here the narrator paused for a few moments, and after a good stiff pull at his punch continued:

I remember no more until six weeks afterwards, when *I* was lying in bed in a strange room very weak and very faint. There was my servant keeping me nice and cool with a large fan, while on my forehead was a cloth steeped in vinegar. By degrees some slight recollection came back to my mind of the events that had happened on that fearful night; but when *I* interrogated my Chinese nurse, *I* could only obtain from him such replies as: 'Me no sabby; doctor berry angry me talkee that pigeon.' By which he meant that he knew nothing about the matter; and that if he did, he was enjoined by the doctor to silence, otherwise he would be very angry with him. However, with a good constitution and careful attention, *I* was soon able to leave my room; and then, and not before, *I* gathered from my old friend, Charles Lawrence, one quiet afternoon, the following rather rambling account of the affair.

'I have no occasion,' said Charley, 'to ask you to remember the 8th of March, for that you will do to the end of your days; but *I* have also reason to remember it; for on that day, as *I* learned from a letter from home by the last mail, an only brother was killed on the Great Western Railway, in the collision that occurred near Reading. Well, if you remember that evening, we were to have a great spread at Douglas's.—Thompson, Wilkinson, and some twenty others were invited, including Capt. Wilkes. Of course, you know what a jovial fellow Wilkes is, good for a story or a song, and can take his part in an argument with the best of them. Everything went off very well during the dinner; and after the cloth had been removed, and one or two songs had been given, the call was for Wilkes. He, however, who is usually so ready and willing to oblige, made some excuse about hoarseness, which, however, was so palpably fictitious, that we all burst out laughing; and upon being pressed again by some of us, including old Douglas, he positively refused, and intimated his intention of going on board at once. We could see that something had occurred to irritate him, but for the life of us none of us could guess.—Before leaving the room, however, Douglas called him to one side, and asked him the cause of his going away so early. He replied that he was uneasy in his mind; that a depression of spirits such as he he had never felt before, had come over him within the last half hour, but for which he could not account; and asked Douglas kindly not to detain him, as he wanted to go on board to see that everything was all right; and if he felt better, they might expect to see him in the course of an hour or so. And in an hour's time he did return, not to join our party, but to horrify us with the details of what had occurred on board the Wild Dayrell. Dr. Anderson, who was one of our party, went on board immediately, to attend to you; and Capt. Wilkes and two or three of us proceeded to the police station to report the matter. The police took the matter up vigorously; and thanks to a large reward offered by the owners, one of the gang turned Queen's evidence; and in the course of three or four days the whole gang were safely lodged in the Victoria jail. They were brought up before the magistrate, and remanded until you are able to appear against them."

"But I asked: "What time did Capt. Wilkes arrive on board the Wild Dayrell; it was some time after 10 o'clock—of that *I* am sure."

'Yes,' he replied; '*I* believe it was just half past ten when he pulled alongside, for five bells were struck from all the other ships lying alongside of him, but not from his own, which at the time he noticed as very singular. As he approached the ship he saw two boats coming from the direction of her, but at the time he took no notice of them; but there is no doubt, he thinks, that these very boats contained the gang.'

'But did they succeed in obtaining any of the treasure?' *I* again asked.

'No; not a cent of it, thanks to Chubb. They had tried to pick the lock; and when they fou[illegible] succeed in that[illegible] but with the [illegible] English seame[illegible] bunks, and q[illegible] knowledged th[illegible] them three bo[illegible] the evening, as [illegible] good use of it, [illegible] the next mo[illegible] crew were to[illegible] necks to offer any [illegible] ple of days afterward, but with a fresh crew.' And so ended Charly's account.

About a week after this conversation, continued the narrator, '*I* appeared at the police court, and swore to every one of the gang, eight in number. They were sent for trial to the High Court, and were all found guilty of mutiny and conspiracy; and sentenced, four of them to penal servitude for life, two for fourteen years, and the remaining two for seven years each.'

Amongst my letters from home *I* was not long in noticing one in the handwriting of my mother; this, singular though it may appear, *I* kept until the last, and toyed and played with it for a minute or two before *I* opened it. *In* that letter, gentlemen, occurs the following passage: "What were you doing, dear John, on the night of the 8th of March, at about 10 o'clock, from that to half past? *I* will tell you my reasons for asking. I had been very poorly during the whole of the day; so much so, that after a cup of tea, about 6 o'clock, *I* retired for the night. *I* fell asleep very soon, but it was a disturbed sleep, and *I* awoke two or three times. At about 8 o'clock Jane brought me a cup of cocoa, and very soon afterward *I* again fell asleep, and did not wake until about half-past ten, when *I* awoke with a fright. *I* dreamed that *I* had seen you walking along some strange street, and following you were three or four Chinamen. All at once they rushed toward you, at which you ran, but they ran faster than you did, and were rapidly gaining on you, when you at once made for the river, which was some hundred yards distant. You had gone about half-way when you slipped, and fell down; immediately the Chinamen were upon you, and one *I* saw with a long knife ready to strike you, but with that *I* [illegible]

Now, gentlemen, *I* wish to draw your attention to the fact, that the 8th of March, as mentioned in my mother's letter, was the same day that the Wild Dayrell affair happened, and also that the time from 10 o'clock to half-past was the exact time that we were placed in the most imminent peril by the smashing in of the door-panel. You can call it what you like—a singular coincidence, or anything else you please; but the fact remains that, while on the very day and hour *I* was placed in great danger of my life, mother, 14,000 miles away, in dear Old England, had a dream in which *I* figured conspicuously; and although the incidents of the dream did not exactly tally with the actual facts of the case, yet they were so near the truth, that I think you will bear me out, gentlemen, when *I* state that it was a most extraordinary and remarkable dream.

A FOOT LAMP.—One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere in daily life the things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out without a light.—Throw open your lattice in the evening and look out, and you will see what seems to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of sandals, as the late traveler rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. In an instant the voice comes to your memory, written in that same city three thousand years ago: Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.

☞ A famous auctioneer, after exhausting the language of praise in extolling a certain gentleman's park which had to fall under his hammer, said he was bound, as an honest man, not to conceal the drawbacks to the property, which were the litter made by the rose leaves and the perpetual din kept up by the nightingales.

☞ A rustic couple, newly married, marched into a drug store and called for soda water. The obliging clerk inquired what syrup they would have in it, when the swain deliberately leaning over the counter, replied, "Stranger, money is no object to me put sugar in it."

☞ "Get out of the way! what are you good for?" Said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin, who happened to stand in his way. The little fellow, as he stepped one side replied very gently: "They make men of such things as we are."

☞ A very diminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine-looking girl. "Oh, no," said the fair but insulting lady, "*I* can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

[COMMUNICATED.

PIDGUNVALE, }
[illegible] 11, 1875. }

Dear [illegible] Sir:

We've had a powerful fuss at Pidgunvale. It happened in this way:—A young lady in the naberhud cum down to see Betsy and the baby. Betsy [illegible] a little sick. Well, whenever [illegible] cum to see the baby, I [illegible] what they're goin to say [illegible] it. Well, after she had askt Betsy how she was and how sheed bin tu or thre times, and cald the baby the puttyest, darlinest yittle sing ebber wus tu or thre times, and that the baby wus the puttyest uv enny uv the childun, sez she to Betsy, sez she, Ant Betsy, (neerly all the young fokes bout here call my wife Ant,) have you sene the pece uv poitry in the nusepaper about Miss ——? Sez Betsy, "no I havent." "Wud you like to see it?" sez she? "Yes," sez Betsy. She took a paper out uv her pokit and handid it to Betsy; but she sed no, you rede it. Betsy had the baby. So she red it.—She red the 1st verse. Betsy lukt at me. She red the 2nd standsir. Betsy lokt at me agin, and her face turned sorter red. She red the 3rd standsir. Betsy's face turned as red as a bete, and turnin her eyes rite into mine, sez she, "You rote that pece uv poitry."—Sez I, no m'm. "You did rite that pece uv poitry in that nusepaper." Sez I, let me see it. I took the paper as if to see if she was rite or rong. But I was tryin to think uv sumthin to answer. Takin the paper rite to Betsy, sez I, see here! Don't you see I didn't rite it? It's printed. 'You did rite it,' sez she, lukin at me very sharp and her face more redder, at the same time raisin her feet about foor times as hy as she did when she was tryin to kepe the baby quiet by shakin it. I saw there was what Saint Luke calls a 'Euroclydon' on hand (see 27th chap. Acts) when they were karryin Saint Paul to Rome to be tried for sedition; and so I thort I had better foller theer egample and 'let her drive' or scud, as I culdn't go hed to it. So sez I, yes m'm.—'You're a nice feller to be ritin poitry to yung ladys,' sez she. Yes m'm, sez I. 'They make a fule uv you,' sez she. Yes m'm. 'And the marrid ladys tu.' Yes m'm. 'Ort to be shamed uv yorself.' Yes m'm. 'Aint you shamed uv yorself?' Yes m'm. 'Don't rite no poitry bout me now!' No m'm. 'Don't think enuf uv me?' No m'm. 'You've forgot 15 years ago.' Yes m'm. When I ansered her last charge it was the truth; but if I had repetid it, it wud uv bin a untruth. I had forgot it when I spoke, but it cum to my mind like a flash. About 15 years ago, when Betsy cum home from bordin skule, she brort a Nalbum, with lether rinkils orl over the bak, and ugly fases mixed in, and on the inside there was a hepe uv ritin about 'kole sepulkral stones, and I's, and flowers, and luv and so fourth. And sez she to me, 'Mr. Bragedon, Esq., wont you rite sum in my Album?' Sez I, yes Mis, I'll try. Sez she, 'you can take it home with you.' So I tuk it home with me. I kept it about a munth, tryin to think uv sumthin pritty to rite. I lukt at the flowers, I lukt at the mune and stars, I lukt at the little frog pon neer the house to see if I cudn't make a lake uv Komo out uv it, but not a single idee wud cum.—About this time there kame to the naberhud a yung lady uv about 17 years uv age. She had bin at my house about five years befor and had stade a week. She was a smart, putty little gurl, but wummunhud more than made gud all the promises of chilehud. I went to call on her. She was tall, stately, butiful; cud make the pianner tork, and sung ackordin, and was just the sort uv wummun to give poetic insperreshun to a gord. Well, after she had plade and sung until I had the extatic figits, sez she, 'Mr. Bragedon, Esq., I have a Nalbum, won't you rite a pece in it?' Sez I, Miss ——, I'll try. In a fu days I had rit a pece for the yung lady's Album. I was satisfide with it furst rate; and so I thort I'd take it by, and show it to Miss Betsy, on my way up, thinkin she wud be plezed to see what I cud du. But to my supprize, sez Miss Betsy, after redin it, 'Have you rit in my Album?' Sez I, no Miss. Sez she, 'bring my Album home then.' What for? sez I. 'Bring my Album home; you shant rite in it,' sez she. But, Miss Bet— 'Bring my Album home,' sez she. But— 'Bring it home,' sez she. 'I dont want you to rite in it, and you shant rite in it.' The wether was unkumfurtibly hot there, so I didn't stay long. Neffu, you may tork about poetikill inspurrashun, but I beleve that sumtimes kourshun is better. I went home and rote ten 8 line standsirs, one uv which is the only thing I ever rote that I'm proud uv. This is the standsir:

Strive ever hard to win the baze,
With onnesty unswervin;
But alwiz valyew less the praze
Then that you are deservin.
Cast ene the britest onner down,
If konshus uv demeerit;
An onnest hart wud skorn a krown,
Weer he unfit to weer it.

Whether yor ant Betsy was alludin to the abuv suckunstants or not, I dont kno, becaws I havn't askt her, but the koinsidents was so strong, I felt konvicted. But to go on with the fuss about the pece uv poitry in the paper. Then sez she, 'you cud rite about me.' Yes m'm. 'I was grate things then.' Yes m'm. 'Not much now.' No m'm. 'But that oudashus pece is great things.' Yes m'm. 'That's the way with men.' Yes m'm. 'After they get a little ole they get tierd uv em.' Yes m'm. 'I spose you tierd of me.' Yes m'm. I've herd uv poorin oil on the trubbled warters, but eather I didn't poor it on rite or it wasn't the rite kind. It must uv bin kurrysene, for the hole rume semed to be in a blaze, and I went down steers tu steps at a time, the last thing I herd, being, Lope, and a rore uv lafter from the yung lady.—I went out to wurk and didn't cum [illegible]. When I cum to the house I peped thru the winder and sor Betsy and the uther childun setting round the table eatin supper, so I thort that was a good time to git to bed. I went round to the back dor, and then went up steers mity ezy. After makin the preperashuns I've made for years befor goin to bed, exsept redin, (the buks were down steers and it was pitch dark up steers,) I got in bed, and turnd my face away from the place Betsy lade. I had just kuverd myself orl over, except my nose, when I herd Betsy say, 'Wheer's yor pappy? Why dont he cum to supper?' Severel uv the childun ansered, 'dunno.' But Tommy, the littel kullud boy that wates in the house, sed, 'Mr. Bragedon, Esqr's gorn to bed. I sawd him as I was cummin down steers wid de shuger.' I didn't go to slepe caws I wasn't slepy. As sune as Betsy had klened up the tethings, tho it was befor her bed hower, I herd her cummin up to bed. She cum in the rume and after she had combed her heer over and over until it was as smuthe as if she was goin to a party, and lukin at herself in the lukinglass five or six times, she nelt down and sed her prayers. She prayed so long I thort she had gorn to sleep, but she hadn't. She just got up time enuf to stop me from callin her. I peped out uv the korner uv my eye, and I thort by the kamness uv her face that the Euroclydon was over and that I mite ventur to sneze, so I snezed.—'Slepe,' sez Betsy. Yes m'm. 'Spose yor dremin?' Yes m'm. 'Dremin uv that oudashus pece?' Yes m'm. 'Dont dreme uv me now?' No m'm. 'Dont think enuf uv me?' No m'm. 'What you snezin about?' Nothin m'm.—'Spose your snezin at me?' Yes m'm. 'I'll have you to understand I'm nuthin to be snezed at.' Yes m'm. 'You'd better sneze at that oudashus gal.'—Fourchunenately for us both, a regler, natcheral sneze cum, and I snezed, aw-quish shew, quish shew, aw-quish shew-ish ish ew. I had herd uv oil on the trubbled worters, and I thort I had dun it. But it must have bin the rong sort—kurrysene, for it didn't stop the Euroclydon. She got in bed, but didn't stop torkin. But I got slepy, and the last wurd I reekulleck was, Lope. I reckon I had bin aslepe sum three or for owers, when I was waked by a presher on my brest, and Betsy mumblin out sumthin behind me. She had got holt uv a part uv my clothin, which if it had bin Summer time, at a littel distants, and outside uv my suspenders, mite have bin taken for a Summer cote. She had twisted it up with both hands, like a oshun tellygraf kabel, just under my sholder-blades, and was tite as a kittel drum hed akros my chess. 'You shant go,' sez Betsy. About haf aslepe, no m'm sez I, but— 'You shant go,' sez Betsy. No m'm, but Bets— 'You want to lope with that oudashus pece.' Yes m'm, but Bets— 'I'll hold on to you.' Yes m'm. But Betsy. 'You want to run off and leve yor wife and littel childun.' Yes m'm. But Betsy. If I cud uv got holt uv her, I cud uv waked her, but she had me as tite as if I had bin in vice, with my bak toards her. Findin I cudn't use my hands, I thort I'd try my heels; and so I let go on her bakwuds. For about ten seckunds you'd have thort the ole quilt had a regler bilt ole Sint Mary's miasmermatic fevernager. It had the desired effeck. She let go her holt and turned on her bak. 'O husband, I've had such a dredful dreme. I thort you were runnin away with that oudashus gal, and I was holdin on to yor cote tale.—As you weer draggin me along, you dragd me by a hoss, and the hoss turnd on me and begun kickin me on the legs, and it woke me. It must have bin a nitemeer.' She was a puffin and pantin and a blowin, and cud say nuthin more, and I thort it my best chants to speke. Sez I Betsy, take my advice, when you go to ketch a hoss, whether it be a nite meer or enny uther kind uv hoss, *dont* ketch 'em by the tale! Sum uv these times you'll git kickt, and perhaps git yor legs broke. With a muel, or a ajacks or enny uv theer relashuns, the case is different; for Ive herd that a muel or a ajacks can kick you as well when you've got holt uv the fotop as the tale. But, Betsy, turn over on yor uther side and go to slepe. It was nuthin but a dreme. She dun so, and I turnd over toards her, a littel sorter kinder spune mole fashion. I thort maby I mite have a nitemeer, and so I fixed myself so that I cud ketch her as she had kort me. I put wun arm down between us, and the uther rite down my side, and opend both hands reddy to grasp her if I shud have a nitemeer.—But I hadn't. I had a dreme. I drempt I was at Long Branch, and theer was a oshun tellygraf offis rite betwene my sholder blades, and Betsy was the opperater clerk She reseved a tellygram from Quene Victorier that Mrs. Sartris had loped to Ingland on a ole gray meer, behind a Captin Brag, becaws Mr. Sartris was playin a game uv all fors, seven up for a cottidge at Long Branch with Generl Grant agiust the third Prezyenshal term. I drempt they weer playin in the offis, and Mr. Sartris told Betsy to tellegraf bak that he wud attend to it as sune as he beat Generl Grant, which by sum mistake uv Betsy in sendin or Quene Victorier in redin, sed, 'As sune as I beat the game, I'll give a generl grunt.' I woke, got up and drest myself and rote a pece uv poitry to Betsy. About sunrise I herd Betsy gittin up and I got out to wurk. I had cut about haf a row uv terbacker storks, with a few peach tree leves stickin on the top, when here cums [illegible] Betsy sez cum theer dreckly.' Gudness grashus, sez I, which uv the childun's got the bilyus now? 'Dunno, sir, but she say cum to de house dreckly.'—When I got in the house, sez I, which uv 'em's got the bilyus? 'Nun,' sez Betsy, 'but husbun cum and luk at my legs.' She pulld her close up to her neze and roled her stockings down to her fete. Sez she, 'husbun, did you ever see ennything like that?' No m'm. What du you think it is?' Sez I, wife, I aint no doctor, but I shud say it was chilblanes, or nettlerash, or ticklerrew, or yoller janders, or sumthin. Sez she, 'I think it luks more like konchushuns.' Sez I, I think it luks more like brewses. 'Well that's the same,' sez she. Yes m'm. Well, she had the dappeledest legs you ever saw. From her neze down to her fete was kuverd with blue-black splotches from the size uv a silver quarter, if I reckurleck, to that uv a haf. Sez she, 'husbun, what wud you du for it?' No—yes m'm. I think it may be the effecks uv the dreme you had last nite. Air you surtin it was a hoss, or was it a muel or a ajacks? Sez she, 'who ever herd uv a dreme levin brewses on wun's legs?' Yes m'm; but David sez, 'vanish like a dreme when one awaketh.' He dont say ennything about the effecks vanishin, and theerfour I preshume he didn't mean that the effecks vanished. I'm no docter to diagnoze it as enny uv the abuv menshund disezes, but I sor in a meddlekil olmanic, that if a person got kickt by a muel or a ajacks, or enny uv theer relashuns, vinnyger, pepper, salt, camfire and yaller clay and brown paper was a surtin remedy. Tommy suggested mullin leves. Well, Betsy sune had a poltis uv the abuv compounds, and bound it around her legs from her neze down to her fete. After I got my breckfust, I went out to cuttin down terbacker storks agin. Befor I had finished the rows I was in, here cums Tommy runnin agin. 'Mr. Bragedon, Esq., Miss Betsy sez cum to the house.'—Gudness alive! Who's got the bilyus now? 'Dunno, sur; she sez cum to the house.' Yes m'm. When I got to the house, the first thing Betsy did was to strip her close up to her neze, and sez she, 'cum here, husbun, I want you to luk at my legs.' She tuk off the poltis, and sez she, 'husbun, du you see enny change in my legs? They fele better.' Sez I, yes m'm. I reely did see a change, for so much uv the clay had stuck to her legs that I culdn't see any bruses. They lukt just like tu skind pine poles pulled out uv squashy clay. Sez I, Betsy, the ressypee in the meddlekil olmanic sez, if it is the kicks uv a muel or ajacks, it will begin to impruve in a fortnit's time. I had to luk at her legs just ten times the first day and just 47 times sints. It has just bin wun weke. This is the pece uv poitry about her, and it had a powerful gud effeck:

O Betsy, my darlin, becaws I am ole,
And the silver threds mingle so thick with the gole,
Du you think I shud shun the kule shade uv the bowers,
The butiful buds and the fragrants uv flowers?
My face, up til now, no rinkle has mard,
Nor chillblane nor rinkle my hart has yet scard;
Methinks then tis kruel, that I shud be made,
To go and sit down in senexian shade.
Altho the tu roses you wore when we wed,
Ar gorn and now blume in a different bed;
I luk thru the lane uv three lustrums uv time,
At these multiplide roses as yors in yor prime.
O Betsy, my darlin! tis strange to relate,
I marrid you wun, and now you ar ait;
And I'm shore I am satisfide with the increase,
For I valyew the ait at a bilyun a pece.
The vine and the olives, in harmony twined
Bout the walls uv my house and table combined,
Form a newklyus plesent at work or at play,
For a fragrant and butiful Household Bo-k.

When I finished redin the poitry, Betsy called me to her, (she cudn't cum to me on acount uv the poletises,) and puttin her arms around my neck she kist me, and sez she, 'Husbun, aint you a darlin husbun?' Sez I, yes m'm.—'Aint you the best lukin man in the kounty?' Yes m'm. 'Aint you the yungest man in the wurld uv yer age?' Yes m'm. 'Aint you the best man in the wurld?' Y—ye—yes m'm. But, Betsy, if it be so, pon my sakrid wurd and onner I'm powerful sorry for it.

"All is quiet along the lines now."

Yor effeckshunit unkle,

BILL BRAGEDON, ESQR.

P. S. This letter was ritten at the rite time, but I herd you were bizzy lectin the candidits and wudn't like to be bothered.

☞ A little miss, upon being one day bantered because she was a girl, and having represented to her that boys were much more useful creatures in the world, although they were usually more trouble, was asked if she did not wish she were a boy. "No, indeed," she quietly replied; "*I* se worse than most boys now."

☞ Sir, you are a political thing, a perambulating monument of meanness, a bankrupt in everything but cheek." "Boss, *I* don't understand German, but *I'll* drink with you." The difficulty was settled on that basis.